

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES. }  
VOL. XXXI. }

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{ VOL. VIII. NO. 2.



## WATCHING FOR MOTHER.

THE children that you see in our second picture live in a pleasant cottage a few miles from the city. Their names are Grace and William Chandler. You see what bright, pretty children they are, and how eagerly they seem to be watching for somebody.

One afternoon, Mrs. Chandler went out for two or three hours, leaving Grace and William to take care of their little brother George, whom you see in our first picture. This they willingly began to do; for they loved their little brother dearly, and were glad of the chance to keep house, and help mother. They amused themselves and little George by dressing him up in some of William's clothes, which, of course, were much too large for a year-old baby. They even put their father's hat on the little fellow's head, to see how funny they could make him look. Then, for a change, they dressed him in some of Grace's clothes, which made him look more comical still; for the dress, although it did not come down much below his sister's knees, was long enough to form a long train on him. Oh, what fun it was for all of them!

But children do not like the same kind of sport long, and seem to grow impatient all the sooner when moth-

er is away. Pretty soon, Grace and William became tired of taking care of baby, and thought that they would leave him to play with the kitten, while they went to the fence by the road-side to watch for their mother on her return. Little George at first had nice fun with the kitten, but it was not long before she grew tired of his rough treatment, and left him.

What could little George do next? He soon saw what he could do, for there was a book lying on the table, which his mother had taken from the library the day before. He took this, and sat down as you see in the picture. At first he played read, and you would have thought he understood every word; but babies soon get tired of reading, and then are almost sure to treat the book they have as you see little George treating this one.

What will mother say when she comes home and finds Grace and William's best clothes on the floor and father's new hat under the table, and the book from the library torn? And what will she do? We are sure that no one of our little readers would want to be in Grace and William's place about that time.

We hope that the next time their mother leaves them to take care of baby, they will have patience to stay with him until she comes back.



Written for The Dayspring by the Ladies' Commission.

## LETTERS ABOUT BOOKS.

### VII.

Boston, Jan. 7, 1879.

DEAR HELEN, — I have had a very busy month, and on that account, and for your sakes too, I have been grateful for help. I am able to send you two contributions to our correspondence, such as I could not have got up myself. You will receive with this a letter from one of my friends who went to school with your mother and me when she was Rebecca Gray, and we were all little girls. She knows much more about Natural History books than I, and I knew your mother would be pleased that you should hear from her; so I coaxed her into it. Then I had another idea. Some of my Sunday-school girls were reading English History last winter, and they wrote for advice to their former school-teacher, who had married and gone to Chicago, and showed me her answer. I remembered it now, and asked them if I might copy it for you, and they were proud and pleased to let me have it; so I enclose my copy of the parts I thought you would like. I have no time for more myself just now.

Yours, with love,

AUNT ANNIE.

—  
“I am very glad you are beginning to think about English History, and there are some very nice books for you. In some ways, you will find no history so interesting, and none is so important for us to know, as our own; but up to a period not very remote English History is ours. Two and a half centuries ago our ancestors were bearing their part in the struggles of the seventeenth century for political and religious freedom; and till our Revolution

English men and English politics largely influenced the course of events here. If you will bear this in mind, it will give an added interest to your reading.

“First, I advise you to read a book which goes back a good many centuries, — Scott's ‘Tales of a Grandfather.’ These are really and truly the tales of a grandfather. The famous Sir Walter had a little grandson of whom he was very fond; and to him, under the name of Hugh Littlejohn, these stories are addressed. When you look at the titlepage and see that it is called a History of Scotland, you may be surprised that I recommend it, when you ask for English History; but in telling the story of Wallace and Bruce and Douglass he tells you what was going on in England at the same time. A great English statesman once said these stories contained about as much history as most people needed to know. That showed how much he cared for them; but I hope no one book will ever make you think you know enough of a subject. It must be a very stupid book if it does not leave you with the desire to find another which will tell you something more.

“So, when you have read this, which begins with Scottish History just before the Norman Conquest, and takes you down to the middle of the last century, I advise you to read Freeman's ‘Old English History for Children.’ This begins with the invasion of Britain by the Romans in the first century before Christ, and brings you down to the Conquest. Will you say this is reading history backwards? Yes: but the later time is so much more important, that I tell you of that first.

“Then there is a charming book, called ‘Round and About Old England.’ It begins in the south-east corner, takes you up and down the coast, — and sometimes

too into the interior, — describing some beautiful places and some of the fine old buildings, with tales of what happened in these spots. It tells you of the forest where dwelt Robin Hood and his merry men; of Prince Charlie's hiding-places; and of Longstone Lighthouse, from which Grace Darling went out to save the lives of the shipwrecked sailors.

"There is a book called 'Cameos of English History.' It is interesting read as a whole; or you can look through the index, and take the different account of the things you have already found in Scott and Freeman.

"It is not a complete and connected history, though the chapters follow each other in the order of time. It is a series of pictures, painted in vivid colors, of certain interesting events, and of the people who took part in them. The story of Duke William the Norman, afterward King William of England, is very well told; and when you hear what sort of wife he had, and how his children were brought up, you will see how they came to be such proud and cruel men and women. There is an interesting account of the Third Crusade, in which Richard the Lion Heart took a leading part; and, if you care for that, you will like to read one of Scott's novels, 'The Talisman,' founded on these facts. It is the first one of his books I ever read, and perhaps that is the reason I like it best. I should like to think some of you would love it as I do.

"Each chapter in the 'Cameos' is headed with the names, and the dates of accession and death of the English kings under whose reigns the events took place, and of the sovereigns contemporary in Europe. These it is well to remember, and you will never be sorry if you commit them to memory."

## VIII.

BOSTON, Jan. 5, 1879.

MY DEAR MISS HELEN, — Your Aunt Annie has been telling me of the letters you and she are exchanging about books. Now she has asked me to take a part in the correspondence. I thought at first I could not, for I am afraid I shall come to you as a stranger; but I do not feel so. Your aunt and I are too much together not to know something of each other's interests; and then your mother and I were school-mates once, — ask her if she remembers the day I sat on a desk at recess, and leaned back through a pane of the school-room window! Years ago, when you were very small, I saw you and Harry, with your aunt, down at Nahant; but you have probably forgotten going in bathing with me. However, this is not what I was desired to write, — only it makes it seem less an intrusion for me to be writing at all. Now I will come to books.

Everybody likes story-books, — from Jack the Giant-killer and Robinson Crusoe and Pilgrim's Progress, which we all begin with, to the pleasant story your grandmother lays down, with her spectacles between the leaves. But there are other books which may even give us, in our long lives, more pleasure than the story-books. They are the books which open our blind eyes to the beautiful and wonderful things in the world about us: books which make us see the scarlet on a blackbird's wing, the gay feathers of a butterfly, and how the glow-worm lights his little lamp at night. These things are all ours to enjoy; and yet a great many people live and die without seeing them, and without knowing how happy they might be if they could only see. And some of these books of Natural History my boys and

girls have found very pleasant reading. I must tell you what they have liked best.

Mrs. Whitney, who almost always writes for girls, once wrote for boys a story, called "Boys of Chequasset," — and a very nice book it was, — telling about hunting for birds' eggs in woods and fields, and how a boy, through keeping his eggs in order, learned to keep other things in order as well. The boys took only one egg from a nest, and of course kept the rule of all honorable boys : when two go together, to let the one who first sees the nest take the egg. "Jenny and the Birds" is another pleasant book of this sort ; and "Joe and the Howards," although not especially about birds, tells an interesting story, and gives by the way some pleasant information about things out of doors. Then there is the story of the great bird-lover, Audubon, who wandered through our American woods with his gun, watching the birds, learning their habits and their songs, and making such beautiful pictures of them that even after thirty years there are none to be seen more perfect or more life-like. "The Adventures of Audubon ; or, Life in the Woods," is a book you cannot help liking ; and, if you are ever at the Boston Public Library, or the Athenæum, or the College Library at Cambridge, ask to see the great work which contains the beautiful life-size pictures of Audubon's birds.

Rev. J. G. Wood too has written several good books on these subjects, such as : "Trespassers," "The Natural History Picture Books," "Homes without Hands," &c. These are full of beautiful pictures. And pictures in such books are specially useful, for it is hard to imagine how strange animals look from the descriptions ; but the pictures make all right at once. "Homes without Hands" tells about the wonderful way in which bees and ants and wasps and

birds build their houses. And though you have perhaps seen a wasp's nest and wondered how that queer thing could be made, looking so like gray paper, you never perhaps waited till the winter, and took it down to examine the curious little cells and entries. And you will read here about the beauty of the oriole's nest ; and about the hive of the bees, with their air-tight honey-pots, sealed up, like your mother's preserve-jars, for winter use, and will learn how the bee bread is wisely stored away for the young to feed upon it.

Perhaps you think insects are too small to care for, and that they will not stay quiet to be looked at. But think of the butterflies, — how each one when you examine it is so like an exquisite painting, — and read a charming little book, "The Butterfly Hunters." It is a story of some children who studied butterflies and moths all through one delightful summer, till they knew the name of each one as it flew by, how it looked when it was only a caterpillar, and what it had been doing before its gay flight among the gardens. You too can collect your caterpillars next summer, keep them in lace-covered boxes, and, watching carefully, can see them perhaps at just that one wonderful moment when the gorgeous-winged thing breaks open its dark shell, and slowly unfolds. And "The Butterfly Hunters" will tell you about all this, and with its nice pictures will help you to know easily one butterfly from another. "Jenny and the Insects" and "Lessons from Insect Life" will interest you too, and "Cecil's Book of Insects." Your Sunday-school library will perhaps have one of these, if it does not have them all.

There are some excellent books by Mrs. Tenney for the younger children : "Pictures and Stories of Animals for the Little



Ones at Home," — six small books. One of these is about bees, butterflies, and other insects; one is about birds; and another describes the little creatures of the sea and the rivers in a clear and pleasant way.

Those children who live by the sea will find Gosse's beautiful books full of delight. He is English, and you will think perhaps at first that there are no such handsome creatures on our shore as he describes. But wait till the warm spring days come. Then look into the rock pools, and under the sea-weed, and see what will reward patient watching and hunting. If you do not find the same things of which you have seen pictures in Mr. Gosse's books, you will find the own cousins of these very creatures, and the American cousins are quite as beautiful as the English.

You may have heard of a good man who was in this country a few years ago, — an Englishman, Charles Kingsley. He wrote several story-books, which you will find delightful reading by and by. And he cared for every thing in the outside world, and used to take long walks with the young people, who loved him when he told them about the wonders of the rocks, the pebbles in the road, and the weeds and little creatures thrown up by the waves. And if one can no more walk with Canon Kingsley, and enjoy his charming talk, we can yet read his "Glaucus; or, the Wonders of the Shore," and his "Town Geology," and "Madam How and Lady Why," and so be less blind to the beauty of stones and weeds on our own by-ways and beaches.

All this is good and pleasant reading, because it opens our eyes to notice what is all about us in the world, wonderful and beautiful. But when we have no longer blind eyes, when we have begun to look

about us, we hardly need printed books. The great Book of Nature is always open, and we have only patiently to observe, watch, and compare. Study the ways of the plants and animals just about you. If there is a tree in front of your window, see how it grows; how it blossoms in the spring, and drops its leaves in the autumn; what birds make their homes in its branches; what caterpillars feed on its leaves and hang their chrysalids among the twigs; what beetles burrow at the root and in the rough bark.

Many of the printed books contain mistakes; but, while we can study the very things themselves, we cannot go far amiss.

And, best of all, these fair living things, in their wonderful structure, show the wisdom, and in their mysterious life the love, of the good God. The breath of His life is in the small violet and the great oak and in every happy creature. It is the breath of our life too.

How this is we cannot understand or explain; but it is very good that we can feel it and know it.

I wish I could be sure that I had written at all what you want, — not knowing you myself has made it uncertain work, — but I shall be content if any part proves useful. Remember me to your mother, if she has not forgotten auld lang syne.

Sincerely your friend,

REBECCA CARY.

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It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly, unless it be sternly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

For The Dayspring.

### THE ONE-EYED GIANTS.

'Tis in a city, in a pleasant land,  
A race of silent one-eyed giants stand,  
Who sleep the whole day long, I do believe,  
And wake up all at once, like stars, at eve.  
But through the night these sturdy giants keep  
A faithful watch while honest people sleep;  
And what is very curious too, I think,  
These giants do not move, but stand and wink, —  
Yes! stand all night, and blink and wink and blink.  
This seems to be the only thing they do,  
For you can look these giants through and through.  
But, boys, I tell you what, this is not so;  
For, while they stand and wink, row after row,  
They keep a sort of telegraph, you know,  
And have a way of talking down below;  
So, when folks think they're dreaming, many a mile  
Their messages are going all the while.  
And they're a sturdy set, with iron frames,  
While on their eyebrows oft you read their names, —  
At least the favored ones, that chance to be  
Upon the corners of the street you see.

One winter night, when all these giants wore  
A tall white hat (it snowed the day before),  
And comical they looked, some all awry,  
While knowingly blinked forth the one bright eye,  
And ice hung from their chins, like frozen beard, —  
And so a jolly set they now appeared,  
When, just as they woke up, this winter night,  
A little boy, named Carl, whose eyes were bright,  
And cheeks were plump and rosy, paused to write  
A letter by a hale old giant's light.  
But I must tell you first that Carl had met  
A little girl he could not now forget.  
Her name was Frieda, and he thought that she  
Was just as sweet as any girl could be.  
So Carl was very deep in love, you see;  
And yet this little Frieda was a poor  
Street-singer, going round from door to door.  
Carl did not think of this; he had no pride:  
Her voice was very sweet, — and then, beside,  
She was so like his sister May who died.  
And then this little eight-year lover knew  
That Frieda's aunt was cross, and beat her too.  
But when days passed, and Carl had sought in vain  
Through all the streets to hear her voice again,  
He thought he'd write a letter, just to say,  
If Frieda would consent to run away,

And come and be his little wife, why, then  
He would leave school, and work like other men.  
Now, while he wrote, the giant with one eye  
Looked down and smiled on Carl so pleasantly,  
That he smiled back, and said, "Now, don't you  
tell,

And please don't laugh; I can't write very well,  
You see, — beside, the hard words I can't spell."  
And then the giant winked; but, down below,  
He told the others, all along the row,  
What Carl was writing in his letter now,  
Till every giant in the city knew  
About our hero Carl and Frieda too.  
Now you must know, some of these giants wore  
A sort of pocket hanging down before,  
Where people dropped their letters as they passed.  
So when our Carl had finished his at last,  
He wrote upon it, "Frieda," — that was all;  
He thought that when the postman came to call,  
That he could tell where Frieda lived, you know.  
Then, standing up, he tried upon tiptoe  
To drop his letter in, — 'twas hard work, though;  
But, thinking it was safe, he turned, content,  
And whistled all the way he homeward went.  
Just now it was the North Wind bustled out,  
Quite ready for a perfect gale, no doubt;  
And, just as he in haste was rushing by,  
A vain old weathercock, perched up on high,  
As full of airs as ever he could be, —  
This cock cried out, "Old Boreas, look and see  
Down there, how those stiff giants stare at me,  
Because I have no paltry light to show.  
They look so foolish, winking row on row,  
I wish that you had strength enough to blow  
Until you put out all those eyes below.  
I never could that one-eyed race endure:  
Such pride as theirs should have a fall, I'm sure."  
"Aye," cried the wind, "I hate these giants too;"  
And down he hurried, and he blew and blew.  
But all the giants laughed, for well they knew  
That this same bustling N. W. Wind, Esquire,  
Though he made noise at first, would quickly tire.  
Which was quite true; but, ere his strength was  
lost,

He spied Carl's letter ready for the post.  
"Ah! ah!" he cried, "I'm mail enough to blow  
This *billet-doux* to where it ought to go."  
And sure enough he blew it up and down, —  
He blew it back and forth all round the town.  
Till just as little Frieda, tired and cold,  
Her thin dress wet with snow in every fold,

Was turning home, yet dreading too to go,  
 The North-west Wind, Esquire, began to blow  
 Carl's letter round the corner of the street,  
 And laid it down at little Frieda's feet.  
 Gladly she picked it up, and while she read  
 A happy smile upon her features spread;  
 Then clapped her hands, and laughed in childish  
 glee.

"How good," she cried, "for Carl to think of me!  
 I'll go this very night his wife to be."  
 So Frieda started off, and ran, and ran;  
 And first she asked a boy, and then a man,  
 Which was Carl's house. Some only laughed, and  
 said

They did not know: 'twas time she was in bed.  
 Then by and by she saw a giant near;  
 And lifting up her face, wet with a tear,  
 She asked, in gentle voice: "Good giant, show  
 Which way to find Carl's home I now must go."  
 Then up the street his light the giant threw,  
 And called to all the other giants too  
 To make the line of streets as bright as day,  
 Where Frieda now must pass upon her way.  
 And thus it happened that the weary maid,  
 Close to Carl's happy home, at midnight strayed,  
 Where, cold and faint, upon the steps of stone,  
 She laid her down, this friendless little one,—  
 But knew no more,—and then went forth the cry,  
 Beneath the city streets, "The child will die:  
 What shall we do to save her?" Then spoke out  
 A wise old one-eyed giant: "Let us shout  
 Together, all our might,—and call out '*fire!*'"  
 And so they did; and then the Wind, Esquire,  
 Came tearing down the street in wild delight,  
 Trying in every one to catch the light,—  
 When Carl woke up, just as his mother drew  
 The curtain back,—and, as he looked out too,  
 He saw, upon the great stone step below,  
 A little figure lying in the snow,  
 And when they picked her up, a child half dead,  
 Soon as Carl caught her silent face, he said,  
 "Why, it is Frieda; won't you let her stay?  
 You see I'm going to marry her some day."  
 But low his widowed mother wept; and when  
 Frieda was warmed and fed, and smiled again,  
 She said, "She's like my own sweet angel May,"—  
 Then spoke to Carl, "Yes, Frieda here shall stay;  
 Good angels must have led her to our door,  
 And she shall never want nor wander more."  
 But through the city street, row after row,  
 The one-eyed giants winked, and said below,

"Frieda is safe; and folks will never know  
 Why we all cheated them, and called out fire."  
 When he heard this, the N. W. Wind, Esquire,  
 Flew in a rage, and, whistling loud and shrill,  
 In very spite he sent things flying, till  
 He reached ere long the weathercock again,  
 Veering about as if the wind and rain  
 Depended just upon the fickle vane.  
 Then Boreas cried, "See, pride must have a fall!"  
 And down went cock and vane and pole and all!  
 But still the one-eyed giants throw their light  
 To cheer the weary wanderers night by night.

### POWER OF A LITTLE CHILD.

RECENTLY, two men engaged in an angry  
 dispute on the street, during which one  
 shook his fist beneath the other's nose, and  
 appeared to have worked himself up to a  
 fever-heat of passion. Just then, a little  
 girl, almost an infant, who had been going  
 by, stopped, apparently paralyzed by the  
 man's fury, moved quite close to him, and,  
 looking up into his face, inquired:—

"What makes you so cross, mister?"

It was so unexpected, that the man evi-  
 dently felt a complete revolution of feeling.  
 Gradually his countenance cleared, and  
 finally lit up with a smile, as he patted  
 the little peacemaker's head, and remarked,  
 as he moved away, ignoring the other man  
 altogether:—

"I guess you're right, little pet."

CHEERFULNESS.—There is no greater  
 every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This  
 quality of man among men is like sunshine  
 to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture  
 on parched herbs. The light of a cheerful  
 face diffuses itself, and communicates the  
 happy spirit that inspires it. Be cheerful,  
 always. There is no path but will be easier  
 travelled, no load but will be lighter, no  
 shadow on heart or brain but will lift, in  
 presence of a determined cheerfulness.





WATCHING FOR MOTHER.

For The Dayspring.

## THE BIRD'S NEST.

### CHAPTER II.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.



At the tea-table, that night, Etta's brother Tom was telling his mother of his having found a girl sitting by the road-side, near the entrance to the avenue, crying very bitterly. He said he could not very well understand what it was about; but she spoke of looking for something she had lost.

Tom had a tender heart, in spite of a rather fierce and brigandish-looking black beard; so he took the girl to the back-door, and asked Hannah to "give her some supper, and help her to find what she was looking for."

"Very well, my boy," said Mrs. Montford. "Hannah is always ready to befriend any one in trouble; but what had she lost?"

"That's what I did not find out," answered Tom. "She had more tears than words. Some money, or a cow, I suppose. But I knew Hannah would find out all about it; and I couldn't go by and leave her there alone, crying a small deluge."

After tea, Mrs. Montford went to the kitchen to give her orders for the morrow. She found Hannah trying to persuade a girl of about twelve years of age to partake of a bountiful repast she had spread on a table before her; but the nice bread seemed dry as husks, so parched was her throat with the hot rain of tears she could ill control.

Mrs. Montford spoke to her, and tried to comfort her, while Hannah related the cause of her grief, as she had just learned it.

Her father worked in a mill at P——, a large place about three miles from "Hill-

side," till he met with an accident, that after a time caused his death, about two years since. Her mother had been slowly failing in health for some time, and had also died, about one year after her husband, leaving to her daughter the care of a younger child. For more than a year, this little girl had lived in the room—a cellar—where her mother had died, taking the whole care of herself and brother. She would leave him to play with the neighbors' children, for about three hours, morning and afternoon, while she went to the mill to pick "waste," thereby earning the small pittance necessary to provide food and shelter.

On returning to her home,—if home it could be called,—the day before, the children could not tell where little Martin was, though he had been playing with them as usual; they had not missed him till she came. The poor little sister-mother had searched in vain, and the neighbors had helped in the hopeless quest. No trace could be found, save one little shoe in the dusty road; and, too much distressed to remain at home without him, poor Susan had walked far and near, till exhaustion compelled her to sit down by the wayside to rest, and there Master Tom had found her. Hannah sympathized so heartily with her that her apron was wet with tears of pity when she finished her story, and Susie's grief awoke anew.

Mrs. Montford tried to help her, by well-directed questions, and begged her to try to rest and eat, that she might have strength to continue her search; giving her comforting hopes of soon finding the lost one, with the aid she could promise.

Suddenly Hannah exclaimed, "Mrs. Montford, don't you think the children might have seen him, possibly? They are always tramping hither and thither, to the

lake and the grove, back and forth: we might ask them."

Mrs. Montford agreed that they might have noticed a child, when a grown person would not; and sent Hannah to the "Bird's Nest," where they were usually to be found after tea.

All was still when Hannah mounted the short flight of stairs, not seeing any one below.

The chamber was dark, and she opened a blind. There lay the little housekeepers; between them a pretty child; all three sound asleep!

Hannah awoke Etta gently, and she, starting up quickly, awoke the others.

"Why, Miss Etta! why are you asleep here this time o' night? For the land's sake! who is this? What child is this?" asked the bewildered Hannah.

"O Hannah! there's a dear, good Hannah! Now don't, please don't tell; 'cause they'll laugh at us."

"But *who* is it, Miss Etta? tell me quick, child."

"We—we don't know: only he's our child! He was left here for us, you know; same's other people's babies, I s'pose!" said Etta. "We call him Percy. Don't you think that's a pretty name, Han?"—

"Percy, nonsense!" cried Hannah, snatching the child in her arms, and making off with the squirming bundle; who objected to her decided manner, and who showed it, by crying out lustily and kicking like a wild colt.

"I guess—I don't know, but I rayther guess—this is the very thing I want! We'll see, my boy, we'll see." And she bore away triumphantly, like a prize-racer, without a word of explanation or apology to the disturbed mammas she left sitting bewildered on the bed, in the dim light of a cloudy sunset.

Marching rapidly over the soft grass, in at the kitchen door, she set her lively passenger down in the middle of the kitchen floor, exclaiming with the short breath she had left,—

"There now! Who's that? That's what I'd like to know! I'm a Yankee, I guess."

And Susie started up with a cry of joy, flung herself down beside the baby, and cried harder for joy than she had for sorrow,—

"O Tinnie! my own dear Tinnie! is it *really* you? ain't you really lost? have I got you again? Oh, oh, oh!"

And they let her cry till her joyous pain was relieved, and then they tried to look into the matter. Hannah had already told her part of the finding,—with a few more tears,—and then the shadows of the two would-be mothers darkened the doorway, wondering what could have been the matter with Hannah, that she had acted so queerly! Questions were eagerly put and quickly answered, for the children had meant no wrong.

"We had always wanted a live doll to play with, and, when we found one in the bed, we s'posed it came just for us to have to play with; and we took good care of him, just as good as we could, and gave him every thing nice to eat, all he wanted; and washed him, and all. And I knew he could have some clothes from the 'Charity Bureau,' mamma, 'cause he really needed some," said Etta.

"But, my dear daughter, why did you not come to me, and tell me what you were doing?" asked Mrs. Montford.

"Why, only—only because, mamma, we wanted to get used to him a little; and we thought you would all laugh at us! and, of course, we didn't think"—

"Ah! that's it, my love; you *didn't* think,



or you would have remembered that it is best always to do right, even if you are laughed at. And it is not *right* to keep any thing secret from the mother who loves you so much that she is willing to do any thing in reason for your comfort or pleasure. If you had told me of your having found this little child as you did, I should have known that he was a lost child, and have exerted myself to find his home; knowing his absence over-night must have caused great distress to some one; and then poor Susie would have been saved her sore anxiety and fatigue. I can only say how *very* sorry I am, and beg her to forgive you both for all you have made her suffer.'

The little girls were much downcast at the depth of trouble they had helped to plunge the poor girl in, who, now that she had her lost treasure safe in her arms again, was so very happy she could forgive every thing and everybody. And they were quickly relieved by her sweet assurance that "it was all right now;" and they were seated on the floor beside her, talking over the affair.

They concluded Tinnie must have strayed away when no one happened to be near, and strolled on along the beautiful road over three weary miles, up the shady avenue, into the little "Bird's Nest,"—whose hospitable door stood nearly always open,—up the short stair; then, being undoubtedly very weary, had climbed up on the pretty bed, and lost himself in sleep; where they found him. Susie remarked: "I know he must have been very dirty, for he was never fit to be seen after playing with Mrs. Link's children; but, when I come home, I always wash and dress him clean, before we have our supper, and then he is sweet and nice till I leave him in the morning again; then, when I come home, it is all to do over: but he can't help it, 'cause they're bigger than he is."

"But," asked Mrs. Montford, much interested in the children, "do you take the whole care of him, Susie; make his clothes, and cook, and all?"

"Yes'm," answered the child, modestly, "as well as I can. Mother, before she died, showed me how to do 'most every thing we should need, for she said I must be the mother, and the bread-winner too; and God would help me, and take care of us, if I tried to help myself. An' I try, marm, an' He *has* helped us. He has helped me to find Tinnie; hasn't He, marm? I asked Him, when He was ready, to bring him home; an' it's just the same a bringing me here, for I never was this road afore. An' I was *so* tired, an' so homesick for mother, I couldn't help cryin', though I knew He heard me askin' for Tinnie. But we must go, for it's a long way back."

"No, my child," said Mrs. Montford, much touched by the simple words of trust the child uttered: "you must not go back to-night; you are too tired, and it's getting late. You shall both sleep in a room next Hannah's, and in the morning we will see how things look."

And the tired children were put to bed, but not till Etta had asked Tinnie's name; "for," said she, "he said it so funny we couldn't think what it could be, and so we gave him one ourselves."

"Tin Dick Fan Tum Tum," shouted the boy, over and over again, in great glee.

Susie laughed. "I don't wonder you didn't know! His name is Martin Richard Frank Sansome. But we used to call him 'Tiny Dick,' and then it somehow got to be 'Tinnie;' and he can't say it plain himself. My name is Susan Mary Sansome," said she, diffidently; and the baby continued to shout, "Tin Dick Fan Tum Tum," as though he thought it great fun.

He seemed delighted to see "Susie mammy," as he called her; and it was a pretty, if a pitiful, sight to see the little woman's devoted care of the child.

In the morning, Mrs. Montford had a proposition to lay before her little daughter and niece; which was, that they should give the use of the "Bird's Nest" to Susie Sansome and her little brother, till there should be found a suitable home for them. There they could be looked after and cared for by the family at "Hillside," and Susie's burden be wonderfully lightened by having helping hands so near that she should go to school instead of to mill; while Bridget, the coachman's wife, who lived at the lodge, should care for the child with her own,—which she was ready to do.

The joint-owners of the estate joyfully consented; saying they should much more enjoy going to play with Susie and Tinnie than having it alone, and they were glad to make up to her for all she had suffered. "And then," said Etta, clapping her hands and jumping for joy, "Susie need not look so thin and white! Living here will be better than working in a mill and living in a cellar! I'm so glad you thought of it, you dear mamma," she continued, giving her mother a smothering hug. "And, muzzie," she whispered, "won't that make up for my not telling, and I won't do so again?"

Susie could only sob her thanks, at first; then she said, "It will be so much better for my boy! I did hate to have him with rude children, and learn bad words and naughty ways, and be so dirty. Now, I know that mother will be glad, and won't want to come back to us, as she said she knew she should,—even to take all her pain again,—if she knew we were in trouble or naughty. Dear mother 'll rest now," she said, with a long-drawn sigh of

relief and deep content. "O Tinnie, Tinnie!" And she hugged the little one close, as if to lift the weight of grateful gladness that overflowed her heart.

And the pair lived happily and quietly, winning the love of all their neighbors, rich and poor, for two years and more, in the pretty "Bird's Nest." Then came along a brother of the dead mother,—just as we read in stories,—who searched them out, and took them to his comfortable home in Canada, where they lived a well-grown, well-favored, prosperous brother and sister, at last accounts; and Etta and Flossy ever felt a great and loving interest in them and theirs, as whilom proprietors of "Tin Dick Fan Tum Tum."

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#### THE MILLER AND THE CAMEL.

THE Arabs have a fable of a miller who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of a room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

The moral of the fable concerns all. When temptation occurs, we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its "nose" to come in. Every thing like sin is to be turned away from. He who yields, even in the smallest degree, will soon be overcome. — *Selected.*

---

KEEP your heart full of good desires that bad ones may not find room to enter.

For The Dayspring.

### THE KITTEN'S STORY.

I'm a little gray-eyed kitten:

I'm pretty roguish too.

But, ah! I'm always busy, —

I've lots of work to do.

I chase the little chickens,

I scamper up the tree,

And frighten off the robins, —

Ah! that's the work for me.

I get in mistress' basket,

And throw her spools away;

And get my little ears boxed

A dozen times a day.

Out in the flower-garden,

I chase the butterflies;

And, when they're upward flying,

I jump 'most to the skies.

One day, I caught a sparrow,

And brought it proudly in;

But mistress took it from me,

And said it was a *sin*.

A *sin* to kill a sparrow! —

A tiny little bird:

I think they're made for kittens!

I do, upon my word.

Last week, Ned had a party

Of little folks to dine;

Then mistress killed a chicken,

And had it cooked up fine.

I sat beneath the table,

While they discussed the meat,

And every rogue pronounced it

*Nice, excellent, and sweet!*

But, when I kill a sparrow,

They make it out a *crime!*

I ask them to explain it:

But, no, — *they haven't time!*

Although I'm but a kitten,

And never learned to read,

I can't agree with mistress,

I can't, — I can't, indeed!

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

### PERSEVERANCE.

If I were a boy again I would practise *perseverance* oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. When I think of mathematics I blush at the recollection of how often I "caved in" years ago. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. We are all inclined to give up too easily in trying or unpleasant situations; and the point I would establish with myself, if the choice were again within my grasp, would be never to relinquish my hold on a possible success if mortal strength or brains, in my case, were adequate to the occasion. That was a capital lesson which Prof. Faraday taught one of his students in the lecture-room after some chemical experiments. The lights had been put out in the hall, and by accident some small article dropped on the floor from the professor's hand. The professor lingered behind, endeavoring to pick it up. "Never mind," said the student, "it is of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or no." "That is true," replied the professor; "but it is of grave consequence to me as a principle, that I am not foiled in my *determination* to find it." Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There are only two creatures," says the Eastern proverb, "who can surmount the pyramids, — the eagle and the snail!" — *James T. Fields.*

PONDER the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.

INSULTS are like counterfeit money. We cannot hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them.



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## Puzzles.

### BEHEADED RHYMES.

Said old Mrs. ———,  
 "A plain dinner of ———,  
 Brought in cool from the ———,  
 Is much better than ———,  
 All steaming with ———,  
 For the children to ———."  
 But her husband, he ———,  
 By the garments he ———,  
 'Twas as hard as lead ———.  
 "I'd as soon eat a ———,  
 Or a leather boot ———,  
 Or a live, squirming ———.  
 "It may do for the ———;  
 But to come to *my* ———  
 It will have to spell ———."

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

#### EASY ENIGMA.

"Happy New Year."

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. L	andanu	M
2. U	rani	A
3. C	a	R
4. R	a	Y
5. E	ccentri	O
6. T	u	B
7. I	ndi	A
8. A	i	R
9. P	oe	T
10. H	il	L
11. A	p	E
12. L	of	T
13. E	mme	T

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(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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